

# OUR DUMB Animals

JULY

1947

"M-m-m, NICE DOGGY!"

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY

for the

PREVENTION of CRUELTY

to ANIMALS

and the

AMERICAN HUMANE

EDUCATION SOCIETY

Photo by Barbara M. Davis  
Courtesy Mrs. Margaret A. Davis  
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One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, sixty cents each, within the United States, one dollar each in Canada or foreign countries.



MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

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No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse.



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# Animals

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AND  
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## Chair of the Humanities

A CHAIR of the Humanities. For what does such a Chair stand? Perhaps it is needless to say that it is in no way connected with what has been known chiefly as Humanism which, in its outlook upon life, thought of man as needing for the realization of his future ideals neither God nor religion.

At Oglethorpe University, where a Chair of the Humanities has been established, the subjects of study are those of that great human movement, old as humanity itself, and out of which grew, in the early part of the last century, the humane societies, which at first were primarily concerned with lessening the sufferings of the animal world.

Back of that organized movement were the age-long virtues of kindness, compassion, justice, pity and mercy—the recognition of the rights of all sentient life, the life of our human fellows — men, women, children — the beasts of the field, also the fowl of the air and even the fish of the sea.

For the quickening and fostering of these virtues in human society something far more vital is needed than the training of the intellect. Great as may be the scholar, the scientist, the thinker; greater than all these, where they fail in kindness and human sympathy; greater in the sight of God, is the lowliest man, woman or child in whose heart lives and reigns that divine spirit of sacrifice and service and love which make for character.

For school or college or university, no matter how great its reputation, to fail to awaken and develop in the inmost souls of their students these principles and virtues is to fail in its highest mission.

To enlarge and enrich the character of its students, by putting new emphasis upon these virtues and principles — for this purpose a Chair of the Humanities has been founded at Oglethorpe University by our American Humane Education Society.

F. H. R.

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# President Hansen Honored

Delivers commencement address

Receives degree from Dr. Weltner



**P**RESIDENT Eric H. Hansen was signally honored in June by being awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Humanities from Oglethorpe University, Atlanta, Georgia, in recognition of his outstanding contribution to the humane movement in America for the past twenty years.

Chosen to deliver the commencement address, Dr. Hansen spoke on the subject of "Kindness—the Great Virtue," pointing his remarks toward the courses planned for the new Rowley School of the Humanities. "Kindness," he said, "is the highest human excellence. It stands for the feeling of one for his fellow humans, and that feeling is the deepest root of the noblest humanity."

Dr. Hansen further emphasized that

day-to-day work was still the answer to obtaining skill and knowledge, and urged the teachers at the University to place greater emphasis on the humanities in the University curriculum.

"While it is necessary to teach youth the technical skills required in order to earn a living, the universities nevertheless often fail in their function if they neglect the moral and cultural aspects of education."

In referring to the American Humane Education Society, he told his audience that its goal was to foster, primarily in the hearts of youth, those emotions of kindness, justice and love, and concluded his address with an appeal for faith in America and its promises for a wonderful future.

Following the graduation exercises, dedication of the new Rowley School of the Humanities took place. At this time a large framed picture of Dr. Francis H. Rowley was presented to the Humanities Department by the American Humane Education Society.

Aiding in the setting up of a new curriculum for the School of Humanities, Miss Olive Smith, humane education director in the schools of Springfield, is attending a teachers' workshop during the summer session at Oglethorpe. In this way, teachers from every part of the state will have the benefit of her theories and the practical knowledge of how to present humane education to school children, gained from several years' close study and practice of the subject.



**DEDICATION CEREMONY:** (Left to right) Dr. George Seward, newly appointed Rowley Professor of the Humanities; Dr. Harry Sommers, Trustee of the University; Dr. Eric H. Hansen; Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, for many years field worker for our Society in Georgia; Dr. Philip Weltner, President of Oglethorpe University. Dr. Sommers is shown holding the picture of Dr. Francis H. Rowley which will occupy a place of honor in the Humanities Department that bears his name.



Photo by Gifford Hampshire

"Goofus," posing as a model with Miss Jane Foster, art instructor at the University of Missouri.

*Called ferocious beast, dog turns out to be a—*

# Model Puppy

By ROBERT P. CLARK

**G**OOFUS" isn't a beautiful name for a dog, but someone attached it to the friendly puppy when he first appeared in the University of Missouri art department on a snowy February morning, and it has stuck.

The evening before, Miss Jane Foster, art instructor, received a telegram:

**FEROCIOUS BEAST ARRIVING  
8:30 A.M. HOPE YOU TWO GET  
ALONG WELL TOGETHER. LOVE  
AND KISSES.**

**JERRY**

Miss Foster had often expressed her wish for a dog, and one of her students had promised to send her one from Kansas City.

Of course it was just a joke, thought Miss Foster, but bright and early on a Monday morning a delivery man appeared on the steps of 16 Kuhlman Court, in Columbia, Missouri, with a dog in tow—Goofus.

Miss Foster couldn't believe her eyes. This certainly was no ferocious beast, but a handsome little dog. She gathered him into her arms, and immediately they were friends.

An idea suddenly struck Miss Foster. Why wouldn't Goofus make a good

model for her students?

Oh, Goofus was a mongrel—no doubt about that—he was a mixture of collie and terrier, apparently, and had a tail which curled up into a ring and wagged vigorously back and forth. His head was white tinged with brown at the ears, his body bore beautiful black markings, and he had whiskers.

Goofus would not only be a wonderful friend. Yes, he would also be an excellent model.

Miss Foster's landlady was crazy about her new boarder, but there was a clause in her lease which stated that no dogs were to be kept on the premises. Where could Goofus stay?

That morning, the puppy visited the art department and sat through two classes. He was very well-behaved. In the afternoon a student took him for his first walking tour of Columbia, and at night another took Goofus home to sleep with him.

Archie Musick, visiting professor of art at the university, drew up plans for a home for Goofus—a scale model of his own proposed modern-style home in Colorado. The university bookstore furnished a packing-box; a student provided extra

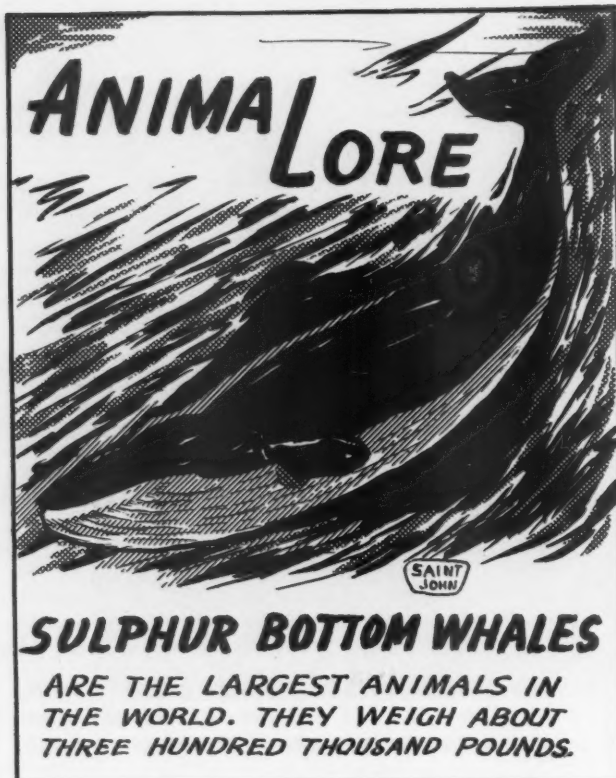
lumber; hammers and nails and plenty of willing hands were found. In a few days a luxurious house was constructed for Goofus. And Miss Foster found the lady who lived next door was only too willing to have Goofus reside on her property.

In a week Goofus posed as a model for the first time. He didn't like to sit still very long, of course, but movement was fine for her students, said Miss Foster, and as long as Goofus remained where the budding artists could see him, he was a perfect model.

Goofus has had many dates as a model now. He seems to enjoy it. Of course he receives a great deal of attention—perhaps that is why. At any rate, he climbs the three flights of stairs to the studio eagerly now, and runs happily into the sky-lighted room where busy students try to catch his exuberant spirit and transfer it to paper or canvas.

A move was made to make Goofus an honorary member of the art faculty, but the students protested. After all! One of the faculty? Never!

He has worked his way so completely into their affections that they consider him quite seriously as one of them!



## Strange Parachutists

By MARIE LARSEN

**M**AN was not the first to discover the advantages of the parachute. In fact, man must have received the original idea from the kind of parachutes nature had already given to certain lower creatures of the earth.

Of these, a cat-like parachutist is one of the most peculiar. This strange mammal of the East Indies is of the Lemur family. And it practically grew inside its queer parachute. For the broad fold of skin, which enables it to make long sailing leaps, extends from its neck to its tail on each side. And its legs are built right in the network of its handy skin parachute. It prowls cat-like at night.

In Australia some mice wear parachutes. These are of the Phalanger species. The Phalanger's parachute is of a more portable type. Its parachute-like skin membranes connect only the hind and fore legs. But it aids in making flying leaps of amazing length.

There are a few queer parachuting squirrels in sections of the United States. These Marmots have a skin growth like the Phalanger, and they use the built-on parachutes to cover long distances by sailing through the tree-tops in Tarzan fashion.

A lizard that would dare to climb trees and leap from one to the other would most surely need parachute protection. So nature must have given the Gecko the same queer membranous expansions along the sides of its head, body, and tail, especially for keeping it aloft during these flying attempts.

But the East Indian tree frog can boast the most of these natural parachutes. Each of its feet are large, and broadly webbed like funny umbrellas. And strangely, this frog also makes flying leaps from tree to tree. This and the fact that it can sail over these distances so easily, makes it one of the strangest parachutists known.

## Namesakes of the Lion

By JASPER B. SINCLAIR

**L**EO, the lion, has probably been responsible for more historical nicknames and allusions than almost any other animals you might name. The traditional courage of the lion, king of the jungles, had something to do with this preference, of course.

One of the most famous of Leo's namesakes must be Richard I, bearer of the storybook nickname of "Richard the Lion-Hearted." But this sort of thing was going on even before Richard set out from England to do a bit of Crusading late in the 12th century.

William I of Scotland was known as "William the Lion" to his 12th century subjects, while Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden answered to "The Lion of the North" almost five hundred tempestuous years later.

Louis VIII of France is remembered as "The Lion," despite his brief reign of three years in the early 13th century. The Swiss people, on the other hand, can soon tell you all about the sculptured likeness of the "Lion of Lucerne," perhaps the most famous of all mountainside sculpturings.

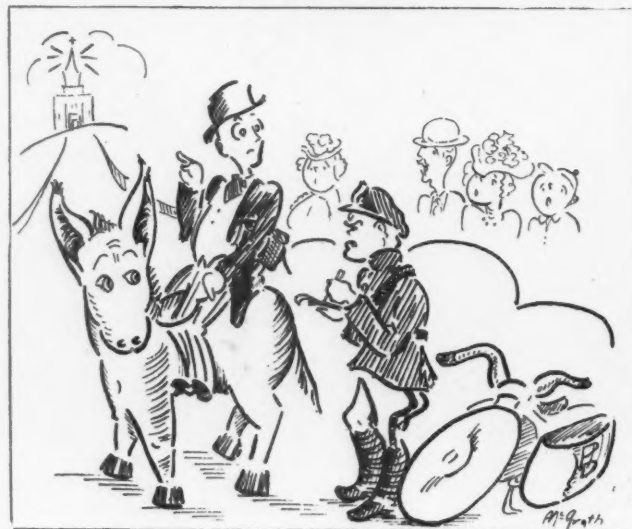
For that matter, the lion has been responsible for several Christian names of men. Leo and Leon literally mean "lion" in the dictionary of names, and Leonard is "Strong or brave as a lion."

Leonidas, famed in ancient Greek history, signifies "lion-like" in this sort of a glossary, while Leopold is merely a variation of the original Leo. And Lionel was a Latin meaning "young lion." Still another variant is Napoleon, typified as the "lion of the forest-dell."

Leo, Leon and Leopold have been fairly familiar names in European history, especially in some of the old Continental dynasties. Even Napoleon has a vaguely familiar ring to it in the affairs of Europe.



In Honaker, Virginia, there is a law that forbids anyone to ride a mule to church.



OUR DUMB ANIMALS



# Beavers Take Jobs

By W. J. BANKS

THE surveys branch of the Manitoba government chose a site on St. Patrick's Creek, some 150 miles north of Winnipeg, for the construction of a dam to raise the water level of lakes in the vicinity. This was part of the Fisher River fur rehabilitation scheme, designed to assist muskrat and other fur bearers in this area to multiply and approach once again their numbers of pre-settlement days. Some preliminary work was done and the advanced party marked nearby trees deemed suitable for use in the dam building job.

All these labors proved quite unnecessary. At about the same time, as another step in the rehabilitation scheme, six beavers were released at nearby Lake St. George. After a long trek to Lake Winnipeg, evidently just to get their bearings, the busy rodents returned to their starting point and ascended St. Patrick's Creek. Here they proceeded to erect a dam at the exact spot chosen by the provincial engineers. They ignored, however, the earmarked trees, choosing what they apparently considered to be superior materials. Results were better than scientific calculations had led the two-legged engineers to expect from their own project. The levels of Lakes St. David and St. Patrick rose three feet and within two years the muskrat population passed the nine thousand mark.

Farther north in Manitoba, the beaver anticipated another construction job carefully planned in government offices. A dam previously built by human miscalculators had proved inadequate to raise the level of a series of lakes to the desired level. The first beaver colony to arrive on the scene instinctively realized what was wrong. When engineers finally came to increase the height of the dam they found that the beavers already had added twelve inches to the man-made structure.

It is not surprising, of course, that the beaver should agree with bachelors of science upon methods to rehabilitate an area stripped of its natural wild life. The sad conditions which governments now seek to rectify would not have arisen had the beaver not been ruthlessly destroyed. When they are re-introduced to an area they immediately set about to put things right. Instantly and instinctively they know what must be built and where. The results may not always please nearby settlers; but if the purpose is to restore nature's proper balance, the beaver is the "man for the job."



Mother beaver and young in their home pond.

July 1947



# Do Owls Scare You?

By IDA M. PARDUE

**D**ON'T feel too badly if the answer is yes. You are not alone.

It is a rather curious fact that this harmless bird has been regarded with awe and even terror by millions of people, in all parts of the world, from primitive times to the present. And why? Because the owl's voice is a screech or an eerie "hoo, hoo"; because it hisses when surprised; because it loves the dark of night. These characteristics have set the owl apart from other birds which sing lilting melodies and prefer the sunshine.

More than anything else, the owl's flight, soundless as a wreath of smoke, long ago caused the bird to be associated with witches, death, ghosts, goblins and all manner of dreaded things.

Yet, there was a period in history when it would have been worth your life to so much as utter an unkind remark about the goggle-eyed bird. In ancient Greece the owl was the favorite of Pallas Athene, goddess of wisdom. As such, the pet was revered, protected and even credited with the great intelligence of its mistress. That's why, so many centuries later, we still use the expression "wise old owl."

The owl began to lose face when the Romans conquered their cultured Grecian neighbors. The Italians had never recovered from the primitive fear of owls. They were convinced that death followed the visit of one, as sure as night followed day.

It was during the Middle Ages that the last clump of mud was plastered to the poor creature's already tarnished reputation. Already famed as a bearer of evil tidings, the owl was a natural to be classed with the witches who caused misfortunes to happen. Thus began the strange fiction of the witch and the owl.

Poets and authors have helped to keep the owl clothed in its Frankenstein garments, and so has our observance of Halloween, for the October 31 celebration must have owls to complete the proper "scary" mood.

But in spite of everything, the owl is at last beginning to shake the evil garment draped on it for so long. Children are learning that the owl is one of the most fascinating of birds—that they are quite harmless, and even handy to have around, for they keep annoying rodents and other pests away. Before too long, perhaps, the owl also will be just another feathered friend.



—Boston Traveler

I don't need a muzzle.

### Those "Dog Days"

By IDA M. PARDUE

**M**OM, where's 'Rover's' muzzle? Tomorrow's July 1. We'd better put it on him!"

Poor Rover! If only he had not been born quite so soon, he would have been spared the annual muzzling once enforced on all canines during the so-called "dog days."

Rover's heirs are luckier. We still call the July 3-August 11 period "dog days," but we no longer believe our pets will fall ill unless they are muzzled for this interval.

This belief was, however, firm and widespread for long centuries. And how did it start? In superstition, no less—a superstition which began when Latin was the tongue of ancient Rome.

In old Italy, the summer hot spell was regarded with dread, for with it always came pestilence and death. The intense heat spoiled food and dried water supplies, but the heathen minds looked only to the heavens for a cause of their misfortunes. Who knows just which pagan priest or student of astronomy first discovered that during this season the "Little Dog" star, *Canicula*, rose and set with the sun? Such a coincidence, the Romans decided, could only mean one thing. *Canicula* was to blame for the woes of the "dog days."

Although the Romans vanished long ago, their superstitious fear of the Canicular Days was passed on from one century to another.

Even today, there are many people who can remember when dogs were muzzled, as a general thing, beginning with early July. The idea that the season might cause dogs to go mad still persisted.

Now, of course, most pet owners are well acquainted with doggie disturbances, and know better than to blame a star in the heavens for a pet's ill health.

## "Amos" Is Black

By ISABEL HUNT MURRAY

**A**MOS is a black crow!" That is what he tells us in his raucous voice, and it is, indeed, the truth. His story is an interesting one, and he makes it so by the many things he can say and do.

Amos is a great pet and has many friends, for he has proved himself, in turn a loyal friend. To be sure, he has his likes and his dislikes, but he readily responds to kindness and seems never to forget a good deed.

He was the only survivor of the brood when the nest, in which the young crows were nestling, blew down. We took him home, handling him very carefully on the way. There he was fed bread and milk with an eyedropper and seemed to thrive on the diet.

At first, for his protection, a good sized cage was made especially, and he seemed quite to approve of it, for he sensed that here was a place where he would be safe from any would-be marauder.

Amos is now thirteen years old. He has never had his wings clipped or his tongue slit. No real effort was made to make him talk. But saying the same words over and over again in the same tone of voice until the bird seemed to catch them, did the trick.

One day, much to the surprise of everyone, out of space came the words, "Hello Amos." Those who heard it, looked from one to another, and said, "Who said that?" They finally found out that it was Amos, himself, who uttered the words. It was a happy surprise, and still is, to hear a crow talk as Amos does. He has acquired a large vocabulary, and seems to use it wisely.

He often says and does things which

convince us that he is an educated crow. We would call him a self-educated crow, for good care, kindness, and talking to him, is all the schooling he has had.

Regarding his food, Amos will eat almost anything, and, of course, we see that he has plenty of fresh water to drink and a place to take a bath.

Amos is mischievous and likes to hide things. He can get impatient when he doesn't get out doors as soon as he wants to, and he has a sharp cry that warns us whenever a stranger is in the vicinity.

Yes, he is as good as any watch dog, and has different calls for those he knows and those he does not know.

It would be impossible to tell all the interesting things Amos does. But when his mistress drives into the yard, some distance away, he begins to call, "Hello, Amos," over and over again, until she gets near enough to answer him. He does this for no one else, and if she has company, he says never a word.

Then, when there is something he doesn't especially like, he'll say, "Not now, not now," several times.

One member of the family can almost always get him to talk. He says, "Amos is an old black crow," "Amos says ough," "Hello A." And he even tries to imitate the dog. These are just a few of his many sayings.

Of course, many birds come to the place. They walk around and, often, come to visit Amos. Amos doesn't seem to mind them, but he calls loudly if other crows come too near. I suppose he knows that they think of him as an alien.

Do you wonder we think Amos is a remarkable crow and a wonderful pet?

## Odd • Facts • in • Rime

By CARROLL VAN COURT

Sketch by Bill Sagermann

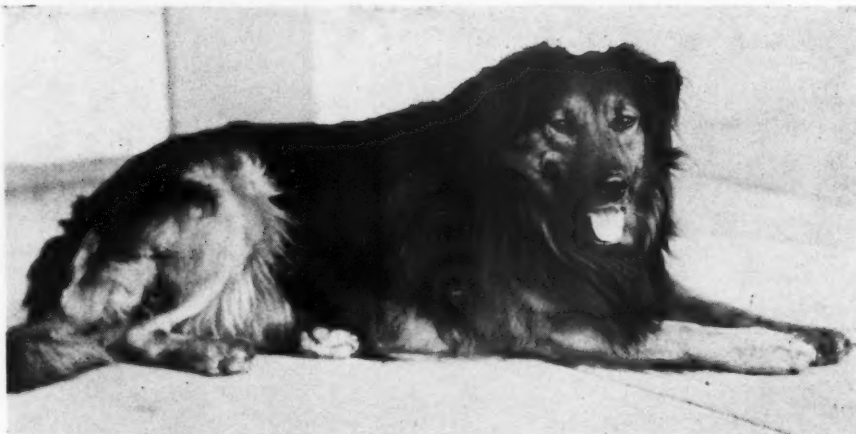
### Racket-Tailed Humming Bird

If you are looking for a game,  
Why, then, you needn't lack it;  
Just call this little humming bird,  
And ask him for a racket.

He carries two, and if you're kind,  
Perhaps he'll lend you one;  
For he is always well prepared  
For tennis-playing fun!







"Rusty" lay down instantly, studying me with almost human interest.

# Just a Shaggy Dog

By HENRI TUSSENBROEK

NOT so long ago, I saw an old man stumbling along the street with that uncertain step that comes with long years of life. A few feet behind him a shaggy dog, perhaps part shepherd and part something else, trotted after the old man.

There was something unusual about the dog. He walked with a kind of rheumatic stiffness; he was a bit untidy and rather nondescript in appearance. He even walked with a slight limp, his body suggesting the hulk of a battered, old ship after many stormy voyages. But I am going too far in my description. The dog moved with a certain dignity and awareness that made you feel that the animal was acutely conscious of his surroundings, that he was tending to some sort of important business.

I could not stop my curiosity. As I caught up with the old man, I remarked casually: "Nice dog you have there, sir." The old man stood still. The dog lay down instantly, studying me quietly in almost human appreciation. His master spoke:

"Yessir, that's 'Rusty,' my dog. Rusty I calls him on account of his reddish hair." Then, addressing the dog, he

said: "Go on, Rusty, say hello!" That was where I had my first surprise. The animal got up, stood directly in front of me and raised his paw as if to shake hands. His plumed tail wiggled violently.

"Rusty and me have been keeping company for fourteen years," the old man continued, after Rusty and I had attended to our social amenities. "Rusty is my teacher, you know," the old fellow said.

It sounded so unreal. "My teacher" he had called him. He continued in a musing sort of way. "It's like this. About fourteen years ago, my wife and I were traveling in Maine. It was on a lonely spot that we picked up Rusty. He had been hurt, probably by a careless motorist. I don't think he had eaten for days. The poor fellow was all skin and bones. We put him in the car and took him with us. Rusty became attached to us like a baby. Then about ten years ago, my wife died. I was so lost that I didn't want anybody around, not even Rusty. You know what I did? Yessir, I went and sold Rusty."

The last sentence came slower, almost painfully, like a confession of grave guilt. He cast a melting glance of intense

warmth and compassion on his faithful follower. I noticed that the old man's eyes became moist.

"The place was miles away and, although I soon missed Rusty an awful lot, I did not go to see him. But the day came when I knew I couldn't carry on without him. I went to see the people to whom I had sold my dog. When I reached the place I found out that they had moved away. I heard from the neighbors how they were bad people who had been in trouble with the police. They had disappeared one day and left Rusty behind. The neighbors had fed the dog for some days and then Rusty had disappeared, too."

The old man looked at his dog and said something to Rusty that I failed to catch. "Yessir, right then and there I knew that Rusty was trying to find me. So I started looking for him wide and far. For two weeks I traveled and inquired without result. And then, at last, I came across him outside of Providence, Rhode Island. I did not see him. He saw me first. You should have seen that dog! He rushed up to me and nearly knocked me over. He jumped at me and licked my face and my hands. That dog taught me forgiveness, sir. There was no questioning or accusation. He just whined, sweetly, almost like talking in his little way, like begging me never to leave him again."

It was as if the dog understood. He came to the old man, wiggling his old frame against his leg, whining softly like a crooning child.

"Yessir, Rusty, now, never lets me out of his sight. He taught me what faith is. I have little money today and we share what I have like two human beings. And I'll bet he wouldn't take a T-bone steak from you, mister, if you didn't give me half of it."

Perhaps the old man thought he told me enough. "Come on, Rusty, we must be going along," he said. With those words, he limped away, followed by his shaggy dog. I watched them go, the old man shuffling, the dog limping behind.

"What would their lives be without each other!" a voice whispered in my ear. "The lives of that man and just that shaggy dog."

The voice startled me. I looked up. There was no one near.

## Turkey Psychology . . . . . By ZAREL JONES

WHILE vacationing on a farm in Michigan I came across the following idea: While sitting in the front yard of the farm house with a professor of psychology, we saw a turkey hen coming our way with her brood of turkeys; they came across a ten-acre field, crossed the road, entered the yard where there were seven trees of ripe cherries. The hen

jumped on a large drygoods box which was under a cherry tree, then jumped from limb to limb until she was in almost the top of the tree, spread her wings and shook the tree from which fell at least a gallon of ripe cherries. One turkey followed her into the tree.

From all the ripe cherries that fell to the ground there was enough for all.

The following evening we witnessed the same thing with one exception; the turkey hen went high in the tree, but did she shake it? She did not; while she had shown her brood what they could do once, she did not show them the same thing the second time. Did the professor learn something from the turkey hen? He said that he did.

# ANIMALS *in*



Peggy Anne Garner and Lon McCallister with "Tweed," American title-holder.

"Tweed" shows his ability to herd sheep.



## "Bob, Son of Battle"

**H**ERE is a new picture that will warm the hearts of animal lovers—the technicolor picturization of Alfred Ollivant's classic novel.

In fact, this book was the first full-length novel written with a dog as its central character. It is the story of simple Scottish shepherds and their brilliant dogs.

Perhaps the most difficult part was the finding of two sheep-herding dogs who could be trained as canine actors. Chosen were the Scotch champion, "Dave," and "Tweed," the American title-holder. Both were superb at sheep-herding and adept in acting.



Edmund Gwenn with Scotch champion, "Dave."

# MOVIELAND

American Lon McCallister, Walter Brennan and June Haver with mule principals.

## "Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay"

**M**OST people won't believe that mules could be glamorous, but in this technicolor production of George Chamberlain's novel, they are all that and more.

Two mules, "Moonbeam" and "Chowder" are the animal actors, but the producers brought six of the animals, all sorrel bays, from Texas to Hollywood, where they were schooled for six weeks.

It is a delightful story, portraying the influence of the two mules on a boy and a girl.

Both of these pictures are recommended by Richard C. Craven, who represents the humane world in the picture industry.



Walter Brennan explains mule psychology to Lon McCallister.

Tractor bogged down, mules show their indispensability by dragging it out of the mire.







This is "Tweed" from the picture, "Bob, Son of Battle," showing his prowess.

## Sheep Dogs at School

By ALICE MARIE GRAVES

**W**ILL you come with me to a town in Scotland to see some sheep dogs take an examination? They have been in school for some time and now will be asked to show how well they have learned their lessons.

Many people are there to watch these highly trained dogs take their tests. First, a small flock of sheep is placed in an enclosure, and each of the eleven competing dogs has to take his turn rounding them up and driving them into the sheepfold. How quietly and quickly they work! They dart, crouch, round up the strays, bunch the flock, and move them in the right direction. The dogs obey every instruction by whistle or hand signal of their masters, and are wonderfully alert and watchful to see what the sheep are going to do. Look at that stubborn sheep! He is annoyed at the dog and turns to face him, stamping—stamping at him. But the dog backs him up gradually into the pen with the others.

And now another test! This time it is

ducks! Three ducks are released from a crate on the field, and the dogs must get them back into it. The ducks march off across the field just like soldiers, but are headed off and guided back toward the crate. They bring their necks together as if in close conference, working out some way of getting rid of the dogs. Then they try to break away, but the dogs round them up. Once more the three heads get together for further plans, but it does no good. Before they know how it has happened they find themselves back in the crate.

While these intelligent dogs are awaiting their turn to compete, they take as keen an interest in everything that goes on as the human spectators do, and they seem to notice the good points and faults of the others taking the tests.

And now it's over, and the results are announced. Some have passed with higher grades than others, but all have done remarkably well. "Examinations are fun!" they seem to say, as they go off with their proud masters.

## Monogrammed Cat

**A** GRAY-STRIPED cat, which belongs to a 13-year-old San Antonio, Texas, boy would be no different from thousands of other gray-striped cats were it not for a perfectly-formed letter "M" in the middle of the cat's forehead. And to

add to the uniqueness of the situation, the cat's name is "Master," and it was born in the month of March, and its owner's name is Melendes. To complete the cycle, it should have been a Maltese.

—Violet M. Roberts

## Sacrifice

**T**HE following heart-warming story of a youngster who loved dogs so well he gladly sacrificed his own well-being to protect them against harm and starvation was told by Vera Brown, noted columnist and feature writer of the *Detroit Times*.

Eight-year-old Dick Lee has been eating twice as much as a normal boy should consume each night at dinner in his Kalamazoo, Michigan, home, said Miss Brown, and he looked haggard and worn. Yet he carried big school lunches every day — cookies, milk, sandwiches with meat. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Milford Lee, watched his sudden burst of appetite at first with amusement, then with alarm. Dick also got a big snack after school with milk. This went on for 10 days.

Then Mrs. Lee cornered Dick in the kitchen, just as he was making off with milk and a big hunk of meat. It was the showdown. Only her threat to visit his teacher turned the trick. In a flood of tears Dick told all. Ten days before, he had found a dog and her eight new-born pups in a vacant field back of his home. He told nobody, afraid the dogs would be taken away. He dug a big hole, and fixed up a fine shelter. That's where his school lunch went each morning, his snacks after school.

By dinner time, this dieting lad was famished, of course. Being a wise mother, Mrs. Lee, Dick's hand in hers, visited the family. She persuaded her son that the dogs must go to the Humane Society so they could be adopted into good homes. He tried to keep back the tears. Then she promised that the black-faced one he loved so much could come home to live with Dick when the pup was old enough to leave his mother.

—Stephen J. Schmiedl

## Works Both Ways

**T**HE flame-colored collie likes to drowse in the garden swing. He would leap into it, and as it swung gently, he would fall asleep before its motion ceased.

But his little mistress also liked the swing. So, when she wanted his place, she would run to the corner of the house, calling, "Come, Pal—come and see." He would come bounding, and then she would dash to the swing.

The ruse worked a few times, but the day came when the collie apparently had figured out the situation. Coming into the garden and finding his little mistress occupying his favorite spot, he took one look, then dashed to the corner of the house and began barking furiously.

The little mistress came running to discover the reason for such commotion.

And gleefully, the collie bounded to her place in the swing.

—Jack Kytle

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

## Tea-Cart Tabby

By SALLY BULKLEY

FROM thicket to tea cart is an unusual transition. However, that's exactly what happened to one abandoned tabby-kitten which was discovered in the woods early last summer by a group of hiking campers. The poor little puss was in a deplorable condition, gaunt and bedraggled, her eyes swollen half-shut. Her fur was so infested that she was promptly dubbed "Flea-Bag" by the sympathetic counselor who carried her back to camp.

Good care and food quickly transformed the pathetic waif into an appealing and frisky kitten which became the pet of the whole camp. At the end of the season Flea-Bag went home with the girl who had rescued her.

In no time this conversational cat won the hearts of her new family with her talkative winsome ways and amusing tricks. The most unusual of these resulted from her enthusiasm for the utility tea-cart which rattles at meal times between kitchen and dining room. While all preceding cats in the household had fled in terror from this dish-laden juggernaut, Flea-Bag adopted it for her own. With a chirruping trill she jumps nimbly to the lower shelf of the moving cart. Sleek and smug, her striped markings duplicating the ancient English tabby silk from which the name was derived, she rides gaily back and forth, a veritable Tea-Cart Tabby!

## Interesting Facts

By FRANCES WHITE

IN the early days of Texas, the scarcity of money made trading more important than the scarce money of the day. By 1837, the term "a cow and a calf" had come to mean ten dollars cash. Nobody bothered to say, "I paid ten dollars." It was always "a cow and a calf."

The winds of 30 degrees north and 30 degrees south parallel on the map are still called the horse latitudes by sailors even though the conditions under which the name originated are no more. There is usually a calm at this latitude, and the old-time sailing vessels would sometimes be stranded there for days until enough wind to sail their ships would blow. Their cargoes were almost always horses being taken from New England to the West Indies, and many of these often had to be thrown overboard to make short supplies go farther. Thus the name "horse latitudes."

Maltese does not always refer to a breed of cat. It is also the name of a lace.

Owls are popularly thought of at Halloween, but the barn owl, overlooking its creepy habits, could easily be a Valentine bird along with the dove. It has a perfect heart-shaped face.

July 1947

## "Rover" Is Old-Fashioned

By HELEN W. GRAY

ROVER" used to reign in great favor as a dog's name. That was in the days when *Abigail* and *Ambrose* were popular names for sons and daughters. Now, according to a survey of the city clerk's records, *Rover* has lost its popularity. There was only one *Rover* listed among 850 dogs.

The name most favored was *Skippy* with variations of *Skipper* and *Skip*. There were also quite a few of the old and enduring favorites of *Laddie*, *Pal*, *Spot* and *Sport*.

Naming pets should be given consideration and thought. A great deal of the owner's personality is reflected in the names he chooses for his pets. Imagine three dogs of the same breed whose owners had chosen for names, *Pupsie*, *Mike*, and *Bum*. Don't those three names indicate different personalities?

Some people never think beyond calling their pets by their color, thus their selection of names runs the gamut of *Whitey*, *Blackie*, *Brownie* and *Rusty*. One man owned three dobermans in succession and had so little imagination that he named each one *Prince* . . . the only name he could think of!

Another man named his dog *Igo* for the amusement of hearing himself call "Here I go!" A woman named a fluffy collie puppy *Babykins*, never giving a minute's thought to the dignity of a full grown collie. So, the names owners se-

lect for their pets DO tell things about their own personalities.

While discussing pets with a group of teen-agers we decided to have a roll call of the pets with their names. The results show some of the present-day trend in names.

In dog names we found the war influence in *Sarge*, *Captain*, *Major*, *Navy*, and *Jeep*. Other names reflecting inspiration of one sort or another were *Gypsy*, *Henry*, *Jock*, *Spinner*, *Champ*, *Queenie*, *Mike*, *Trixie*, *Billy*, *Timmy*, *Gus*, *Nuggie*, *Patsy*, *Mitzie*, *Teddy*, *Terry*, *Tillie*, *Lucky*, *Flicka*, and *Hedy*.

We had quite a few cats in the group with names of *Speck*, *Fluff*, *Smoky*, *Gray Top*, *Aesop*, *Jiggs*, *Gretchen*, *Butch*, *Dickie*, *Tippy*, *Corky*, *Tiger*, *Trigger*, *Sparkie*, *Candy* and *Fritzie*.

The canary names included *Twitter*, *Dickie*, *Topper*, *Lucky*, *Charlie*, *Tena*, and *Bobby*.

There were three goldfish, *Janie*, *Diane* and *Burt*. Then the list concluded with a turtle, *Susie* and a duck, *Bill*.

When they asked about my pets I told them that right now a pointer named *Jim* ruled our household. In the past there have been other pointers named *Judge*, *Clarke*, *Mac* and *Dan*, also English setter, *Casey*. I have *Tony* and *Peter* in mind for future pets.

Perhaps from these lists you can get an idea for a name for your next pet.



Photo, William D. Barkley

Can you give this docile fellow an appropriate name? Send us your suggestions. We suggest "Mugsie." Can you think of a better one?

# Society News



Springfield Daily News  
Paul B. Baillieul giving oxygen.

## Oxygen Tent for Animals

**PAUL B. BAILLIEUL**, attendant in charge of the operating room at the S. P. C. A. Hospital in Springfield, was instrumental in installing a new type of oxygen tent, which has proved to be very successful in a number of cases. Ten of the eleven animals treated lived and the eleventh improved with the oxygen therapy, but died two days later because of serious lung injuries.

Mr. Baillieul was in the Air Forces and specialized in instruction in the use of oxygen masks in simulated high altitude flying. He saw possibilities of a mask being used in the treatment of animals.

Dr. Alexander R. Evans, chief of staff, has endorsed the use of the mask, claiming it will be a great aid in the treatment of sick and injured animals.



## Involving Cows

**A COMPLAINT** was received of the cruel wounding of a cow. Our agent visited the farm and found that the cow had wandered off into a neighbor's garden. The neighbor had fired ten shots from a 20-gauge shotgun, hitting the cow on the left rump. The defendant admitted his act, pleading guilty. The Court fined him \$20.00.

Cattle were being unloaded in the railway yards, and one of the cows was down in the car. Our agent found that the defendants had tied a rope around the cow's feet to drag it out of the car. It dropped to the ground and was dragged around the yard. A brakeman attempted to cut the rope, which finally parted. Defendants were brought into Court and fined \$10.00 each.

## Auxiliary Meeting

**THE FOURTEENTH** annual meeting of the S. P. C. A. Auxiliary was held yesterday afternoon at the Longmeadow Country Club, with a large attendance of members present.

Mr. Eric H. Hansen, president of the Massachusetts Society, guest speaker, stressed the importance of the ever-expanding program of humane education which the Society promotes. He discussed various branches of the Society's activities, tracing the growth of humane work, and expressed appreciation of the loyal support the Auxiliary has given the Springfield S. P. C. A. Hospital during the years, in supplying surgical equipment, other supplies, and aid of various kinds, all of which have facilitated the work of the Hospital. The addition to the Hospital, now under construction, is expected to be completed in the fall. There are now 97 cages. On completion of the new wing, a total of 185 cages will be available.

In addition to Mr. Hansen, guests at the luncheon from the Springfield Hospital included J. Robert Smith, district manager; Dr. A. R. Evans, chief of staff; and John T. Brown, district agent. Each discussed local humane activities in their various departments.

## Springfield Area

Reports showed a very steady and encouraging growth in the number of animals cared for each year at the Hospital, with a total last year of 27,167 in the clinic and Hospital. Well over a quarter of a million animals have been cared for at the Springfield Hospital since it opened in December, 1931.

Mrs. Lawrence Davis of Longmeadow was re-elected president. Other officers chosen are as follows: first vice president, Mrs. Frank K. Dutton; second vice president, Mrs. Richard A. Booth; recording secretary, Mrs. A. Heywood Hovey; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Harold S. Treworgy; treasurer, Mrs. Lindsey H. Chilson. Directors are, Mrs. Fred B. Korbel, Mrs. Raymond E. Lawrence, Mrs. John A. Reynolds, Mrs. Joel Harris Newell, Mrs. Irving Shaw, and Mrs. Sidney W. Stevens. Honorary directors are Mrs. Dwight W. Ellis and Mrs. Stuart M. Robson.

A luncheon preceded the meeting, with Mrs. M. F. Peterson, Mrs. Walter J. DuBon and Mrs. Reynolds, chairman of the social committee, serving as hostesses.



(Left to right) Mrs. Harold S. Treworgy, Mrs. Richard A. Booth, Mrs. Lawrence Davis, President Eric H. Hansen, Mrs. Frank K. Dutton, Mrs. A. Heywood Hovey, and Mrs. Lindsey H. Chilson.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



# S and Service

## Boston Area

### Medals Presented

**I**N Haverhill, John A. Seratora, of 109 Pilling Street, father of two children, risked his life to save a dog from drowning in Little River, after it had broken through thin ice. The Society's agent, Fred T. Vickers, awarded him a medal for his act of heroism.

Police Chief Lawrence P. Barrows and Richard Griffith, disregarding their own safety, entered a flame-swept barn in Mansfield, on the property of Leroy S. Griffith, to release and save the cattle. Our Society's medal was presented to each by Agent Charles E. Brown, who gave high praise to the men for disregarding their own safety and rushing into the barn to force the smoke-choked milking cows from the quarters where they had been tethered all winter.

### Bound Volumes

We still have a few bound volumes. See advertisement, page 19.



Aerial view of the Society's Rest Farm for Horses at Methuen, showing home of the Superintendent, barns and broad meadows. Across the road, but not shown in the picture is Hillside Acres, Animal Cemetery.

July 1947

### Stallion Has Feast

**S**HAPLEIGH SHEIK," valuable full-bred Morgan stallion, owned by Leo J. Fiske, of 1151 Broadway, Haverhill, literally ate his way to safety. In some way the stallion climbed a flight of stairs to feast in the hayloft. When discovered, either he was content to remain where the hay was plentiful, or he was afraid to come down, as all efforts of his handlers proved unavailing. Finally the owner sent for Superintendent Haswell of the Society's Farm in Methuen, who came with six men. They built a special ramp, covered it with hay, and coaxed the animal to descend, which he did, feasting all the way down, and so reached the barn floor none the worse for his two days aloft.

### Cat Caught in Trap

**A** WOMAN who had been feeding a cat on her premises, one day found it with a steel trap hanging to its right front paw. She called police who removed the trap. Our Society was called and the cat was brought to the Hospital, where it was found to be so badly injured it was put to sleep.



Now when I had my operation!

### Distemper Fatal to Dogs On Vineyard

**I**N APRIL, an epidemic of distemper took a toll of the canine population on Martha's Vineyard. The epidemic was so serious that Agent Harold G. Andrews of Cape Cod was called in. Efforts were made to have a quarantine placed on the Vineyard, similar to one imposed on Nantucket some months ago, when the disease made an appearance there. All dogs were confined for a period of 30 days. Penicillin and various other drugs have been used on ill dogs, but no sure cure has yet been devised.

Animals found past medical aid were humanely put to sleep.

### Brought into Court

**R**ECENTLY a complaint was received of the cruel beating of a dog. On investigation our officer found that the offender came home under the influence of liquor and instead of going directly to his room, he entered the complainant's apartment and, with a chair, struck her dog several times. The dog was immediately brought to our Hospital for treatment, but eventually had to be put to sleep because of internal injuries.

Further investigation showed that the offender was serving a sentence in the House of Correction and a warrant was granted on the cruelty charge. This was served on him when he was released. The case was tried and the man was sentenced to six months in the House of Correction, which he is now serving.

In this case justice was meted out, but it will not bring back the complainant's dog, to which she was much attached.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## By Boys and Girls

**N**OW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course, we cannot promise to print everything received, but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.

### Rowley Day

Dear Doctor Rowley,

I think it was very kind of you to start "Be Kind to Animals Week."

I have a pet dog—it is just a mongrel, but I love it just as I love my mother, father, sisters and brothers.

I think we should be kind to animals, because some day they will repay us in some way.

Helen Kornacki

Dear Dr. Rowley,

This letter is to show my appreciation for your kindness to animals.

Some people just do not know what kindness to animals means. They just kill them for pleasure or because they need food. If people kill the animals left, that would be too bad, because we sometimes like to have some as pets.

If birds were killed there would be no canaries to sing for us and no cats or dogs to be pets for us. There would hardly be any music in the world without the birds, for the birds were the first to bring music into the world.

We just don't appreciate kindness.

Edna Hennemann Morgan

### "Petunia's" Babies

By Priscilla Wason (Age 12)

**P**ETUNIA" is a goat. She is four years old now, and last Sunday she had her first little goats. But they were both Billy goats, so we named them "Mike" and "Ike." They look something alike. They are very quiet now, but I expect they will be lively enough later.



### Sylvia and "Sox"

By Sylvia Lawrence (Age 9)

**I** HAVE a dog. His name is "Sox." He is a Dalmatian. One night my father knocked at the window and Sox growled. I am almost always sick in bed. When I am, Sox is on the bed too. Sometimes we do not let him get on. When we don't he sleeps on the rug in my room. Sox won first prize in a Pet Show.

### "Pee wee"

*Pee wee is a little dog,  
With a shiny satin head,  
And a nose that feels like a leather glove,  
With a tummy overfed.*

*Her ears are long and listening,  
Her eyes are the brightest brown!  
And when she feels mischievous,  
She acts just like a clown.*

*Each day when I return from school,  
I know she's there to greet me,  
Now could there be a better pal,  
Than my little dog, Pee wee?*

—Jean LaVonne Blythe

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## Party for a Dog

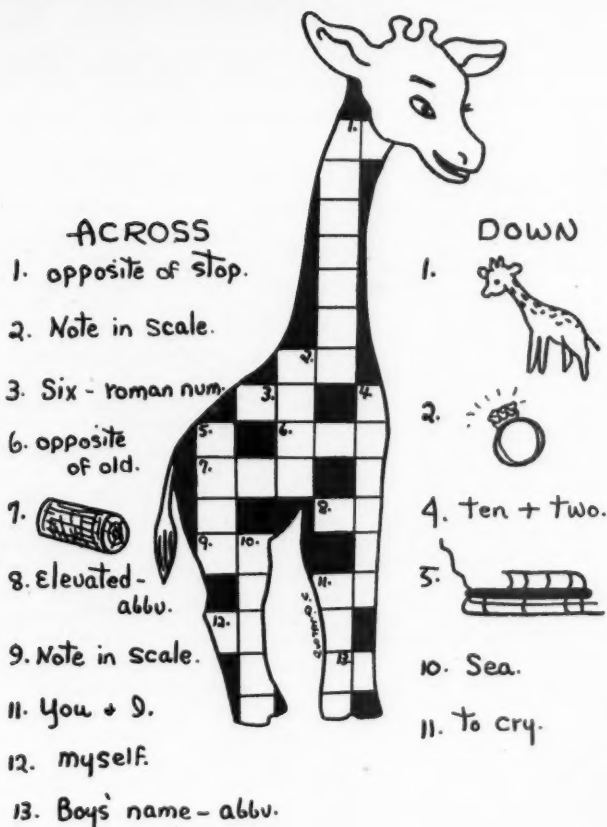
By FERN BERRY

SKIPPY," a large black and white dog, was very popular with the children in his home town of Cadillac, Michigan. There were many small children on the block where Skippy lived, and he was a willing playfellow to them and he showed no favorites.

But, Skippy's owner decided to move away.

One day, Skippy's mistress was summoned to the door of her home and asked, "Can Skippy come out with us?" Like the good fellow that he was, Skippy scampered outside and he was led to a neighborhood garage which had been trimmed and decorated with crepe paper and artificial flowers. The neighborhood children had "thrown" a big party for their canine friend, and he was the guest of honor. Now, Skippy had often "sneaked" a bit of ice cream from the cones of his friends and ice cream was a favorite dish with him. So, the refreshments for Skippy included a pint of ice cream along with other party dishes.

At the close of the party Skippy was presented a gay basket in which tissue paper wrapped bones, dog biscuit, cookies, rubber balls and many other suitable gifts were piled high.



### Answers to Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS: 1—Go; 2—Re; 3—VI; 6—New; 7—Log; 8—El.; 9—Do; 11—We; 12—Me; 13—Ed.  
DOWN: 1—Giraffe; 2—Ring; 4—Twelve; 5—Sled; 10—Ocean; 11—Weep.

## Our Pets

By LOIS SNELLING

There are many kinds of pets . . .  
Dogs and cats and rabbits;  
And it's fun to play with them,  
To learn their ways and habits.  
Pets love playmates, boys and girls . . .  
Big as well as small;  
And it's those who're kind to them  
They love best of all.

July 1947



Photo by Eldrew Ruggles

One of "Skippy's" playmates saying good-bye.



## "Animals Were There"

THIS is the title of a new book that outlines the record of the work of the Royal S. P. C. A., in England, during the war years from 1939-1945.

The authors Arthur W. Moss and Elizabeth Kirby sent an autographed copy of the book to Dr. Rowley and we feel that mention of it will be of interest to our readers.

The Royal S. P. C. A. was called upon to do a great deal of special work for animals during the war and the history of this work is fully described in this volume. It is not generally recognized how great a part animals played in the war; yet they performed valuable services in almost every theatre of operations. Intensely human stories of the work they were engaged in are told.

Of particular interest, of course, are the stories told about animals in London and other places in this country during the days of the air-raids. Many of these stories testify to the unselfish and humanitarian work of this splendid organization.

It is interesting to note the following from the Appendix: "General Eisenhower's Order Regarding Dogs and Cats at Army Camps."

Disposition of Pets. (a) Upon the final departure of troops from a camp, post or station, the commanding officer concerned will not permit domestic pet animals to be abandoned, but will cause them to be placed in the custody of the local representative of the Royal S. P. C. A.

(b) The Base Section Commanders are charged with responsibility for the necessary co-ordination with the R. S. P. C. A. and for the rendering of every possible assistance to commanding officers and troops in effecting such disposition of domestic pet animals.

Accompanied by many story-telling pictures this book is a vivid commentary showing the place of animals in modern civilization and of their indispensability especially during wartime.

## Attract the Birds

DO you want to attract the birds to your garden? If they seem to be disappearing from your grounds, perhaps you do not have the sort of shrubbery they like. To insure their return plant berry-bearing shrubs, such as American elder, barberry, American hazelnut, bayberry, black chokeberry, gray dogwood, Nannyberry, snowberry and winterberry. Mulberry, lilac and other such trees which the birds like, are also very ornamental; and among the flowers, marigolds, sunflowers, zinnias, calendulas, hollyhocks, cosmos, and cornflowers will all add to the beauty of your grounds. From an economic standpoint, birds render an invaluable service by destroying insects and weeds.

## Comforts in Tragic Hours

THE inexplicable understanding that a dog has in times of trouble and its faithfulness and effort to comfort in sad hours were recently manifested by "Laddie," a small terrier, that became a very noticeable figure around the St. Joseph Hospital in Memphis, Tennessee. Laddie's activities were devoting his best efforts to comforting four small children whose mother had just died as the result of an automobile accident in which all the children had also suffered injuries.

When the children's father, Pete Snell, arrived at the hospital only to learn that Mrs. Pearl Snell had died, Laddie was standing on three feet, holding up the other foot, which had also been injured in the car wreck, and looking around at several persons. The dog's eyes showed a deeply puzzled and badly frightened expression.

The arrival of the children's grandfather was awaited before the mother's death was revealed to the four. But Laddie obviously sensed that stark tragedy had come his way and plainly tried to comfort Hazel, aged 12, the oldest of the children and the one who had often helped her mother care for the others. Evidently knowing that the oldest girl would try to take the mother's place, Laddie would not leave the girl even for food. As he gnawed at food, he still snuggled closer to Hazel.

The attention of many persons was attracted to the deep, constant interest that the faithful terrier manifested in the welfare of the injured children. So long as the Snell brothers and sisters remained in St. Joseph Hospital, Laddie stayed with them and left with them to help face life with the motherless children.

—Ralph Underhill

## OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors four distinct radio programs.

In Boston and Springfield, "Animals in the News" is broadcast by William A. Swallow each Saturday, at 9:30 A.M., over WBZ and WBZA—1030 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animal Club of the Air" is presented by Albert A. Pollard each Saturday, at 10:30 A.M., over WMEX—1510 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animeland" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns each Sunday, at 9:35 A.M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

In Springfield, "S. P. C. A. Time" is broadcast by Charlene Kibbe each Tuesday, at 2:15 P.M., over WSPR—1270 on your dial.

BE SURE TO LISTEN!



Headquarters, Turkish S. P. C. A.

## Report from Turkey

A LETTER recently received from Honorary Secretary Feridun Ozgur, of the Turkish S. P. C. A., contained the pictures shown on this page. The sign at the bottom of the column is in the vestibule of the building. It was taken from the Koran and is translated as follows: "Every beast of the field and every bird of the air is a person like unto you, and unto God they shall return."

The annual report of the Society's work is, in part, as follows:

"During the past year, 2,703 animals have been treated in the Free Clinic by a veterinary surgeon who is a professor of the Military Veterinary College; 213 animals had operations and homes were found for 24 dogs and cats; 798 dogs and 37 cats were collected by the city and 158 dogs and 2,136 cats were brought in by people to be destroyed humanely in the Hospital. The number of carters who were fined for cruelty was 31.

"The Angell Prize Speaking Contest was given for the 34th time in Roberts College. These declamations and addresses are planned to teach the students to be kind to all animals.

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